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COMMONWEAL

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Food for All

THE international conference on Food and Agriculture just concluded at Hot Springs had the widest possible extension. Specifically it was called to consider how Freedom from Want can be realized for the world, and this led to all manner of logical deductions. To begin with it implied that freedom from hunger is a first step toward achieving that goal. But apparently any discussion of feeding the women and children in blockaded Europe was barred from the proceedings. No one has as yet provided a satisfactory explanation why we should not attempt to get food to our starving allies over there, but as far as the American and British governments are concerned feeding now appears to be a closed subject, overwhelming popular sentiment in both countries notwithstanding.

The relief and rehabilitation contemplated, then, at the Hot Springs conference have to do only with territories politically liberated from the Axis during the war (and ultimately with the sustenance of every man in the whole world after the war). Another conclusion was that Freedom from Want implies Freedom from Fear. This in turn means collective security and some means of international defense from aggression. Judged by the average attained here in America in the twentieth century, the living standards in Scandinavia were not tremendously high; but in Norway, Sweden and Denmark a minimum standard had recently been widely achieved. Moreover, in these economic democracies considerable progress toward raising that minimum was in process when all but Sweden fell victims to political aggression. Collective security is essential if the individual family in nation large or small is to be free from fear and want.

Another logical extension of the food and agriculture problems is the whole range of national and international economies. The vast agricultural surpluses which we piled up just before the war did not reflect a corresponding lack of need for wheat and corn. Not only were there vast areas in Europe, Africa, Asia and Latin America where millions were suffering from malnutrition, but even here in our own country this deficiency impaired a large proportion of the population. The problem of distribution, once the emergency relief period is passed, indicates that purchasing power must be universally distributed through an international economy in which everyone is economically productive. Industry and agriculture are indissolubly linked, and as the world grows smaller the economy of each individual nation grows more dependent upon the prosperity of other nations.

The only solution is an expanding world economy with active international trade fostered by the lowering of tariff barriers and some method of stabilizing prices so that vast numbers of the human race will not fall prey to speculators and profiteers. To set such a process in operation is so formidable a task that the preliminary plans must be laid right now. Hence the importance of establishing an interim commission to function in Washington with representatives of each of the forty-five nations represented at Hot Springs. Besides drawing up a United Nations organization on food and agriculture (with membership open ultimately to all nations) it would provide for the widest range of research on the necessary agricultural, nutritional, economic and social techniques that must be developed. In concluding this summary of the discussions carried on by four sections and fifteen working committees at Hot Springs, it must be pointed out that this first step in United Nations cooperation is not binding on the governments involved and requires virtually no surrender of national sovereignty.

WHAT DOES it all add up to? Certain commentators seem to feel that the conference achieved scarcely more than a series of worthy aspirations. But perhaps the most legitimate doubts would seem to lie in the direction of the scope of the task which these delegates have set themselves and their respective nations and the time that will be required to accomplish it. Yet for holding forth such an ideal, for insisting that

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every man is entitled to earn his share of the fruits with which the earth has been endowed by his Creator and for setting up the means by which such a problem may be attacked the Hot Springs conference has made a real contribution.

Some Americans will feel that our calling of a conference which came to such conclusions will mean that we have thereby assumed responsibility for feeding the rest of the world. And this, ironically enough, when our grain surpluses are dwindling, our food rations are pinching, and the Food Administrator now has to make the critical decision whether we shall cut down still further on meats or utilize enough of our cereals directly in our diet to assure an ample grain supply for war and immediate post-war. In fact at this very moment American food conditions are so critical that Administrator Chester C. Davis has mapped out with the President a nation-wide educational campaign on the use and conservation of food precisely as was suggested in THE COMMONWEAL'S food program of April 9th.

As we have often said in demanding the feeding of Europe now, there are still adequate surpluses if Latin America, notably Argentina, is taken into account. In the second place, despite the despoilment they have suffered, most of the countries of Europe—and China as well—can provide for themselves within a year or two if they receive the right type of assistance. America with her vast productive resources must indeed play a leading rôle in immediate remedial aid to various countries. But the world envisioned by the United Nations Food and Agricultural Conference is an interdependent, self-sufficient one. The United States can well afford to—we cannot afford not to—supply much of the impetus for the new economy of plenty required by the world.

Warning from a Friend

WHAT can we say about the recent strikes that we have not said before? The five-day walkout of 530,000 miners—another Lewis production—accomplished little or nothing but to insure quick passage of the Smith-Connally anti-strike bill, cause the loss of 11,000,000 tons of coal and the closing of 13 blast furnaces, and give rise to a number of fine eight-column streamer headlines that must have pleased the impresario.

Strange as it may seem, some of our friends in the labor movement have expressed the opinion that maybe the Lewis hell-raising has been a good thing because it forced the government to do something effective about price-control. There is an assumption here, namely that only the Lewis ructions could have turned the trick—an assumption we do not accept—but in all honesty one must admit that said ructions probably have had an effect in this one good direction.

Since this tendency toward leniency for Lewis does exist, it is important to remind our friends again of some of the evil effects of his shenanigans and of how overwhelmingly they outweigh any good ones. In the first place, there is not only his own considerable interference with the war effort, but the heavy encouragement that the two coal strikes have given to other strikers or would-be strikers, who in turn have impeded or will impede the war effort even further. And the consequences of this powerful example cannot be measured only in war material shortage or even in terms of disunity and bad morale. There are other, more subtle, and possibly even more dangerous effects, such as the increased contempt for legal authority among our people, the lack of self-discipline, the preference for selfish, group objectives over national objectives, and the drive toward direct, extra-legal action as the best means of winning any given demand. These are not qualities that can be said to be welcome, either on a house party or in a national citizenry.

Fortunately, it is possible to point to still more evil effects which hit labor a little more immediately in the eye than the above. Most immediately of all, the miners themselves simply delayed settlement of their case for five more days, inasmuch as the War Labor Board rightly insisted that negotiations could not proceed as long as the miners refused to work. For both miners and the whole labor movement, however, there is another and more permanent black eye, and that is the very probable passage of the Smith-Connally bill in a form that will be not only anti-strike, but also anti-labor.

We do not say that labor is entirely to blame for these strikes, and we do not say that all labor is to blame. Again and again we have called attention to the responsibility of profit-swollen employers, of a reactionary Congress, of a weak price-control policy on the part of the Administration. We are concerned now mostly with labor's responsibility because it is, and must remain, up to American workers and American labor leaders to decide freely whether they will allow the present unfavorable clutch of circumstance to force them into further strike action. And finally because, if they so decide, we are convinced that it will be labor and American workers—not the rich, nor Congress, nor the Administration—who will suffer most painfully in the end.

N. B.

FROM the War Labor Board's unanimous decision, equalizing pay for Negro and white workers: "the NWLB abolishes the classifications 'colored labor' and 'white labor' and reclassifies both simply as 'laborers' with the same rate of pay for all in that classification without discrimination on account of color."

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Algiers

NONE but the purest things reached us from France. France was captive. None but the purest memory held France in our minds. The hostages died: none but the purest acts could count. It did not matter what Pétain did, what Laval said: nothing mattered that was compromise, nothing mattered that was not clear. The image of France was clear in our minds: there was a people imprisoned, a people suffering, a people waiting. The only men who could talk would be men such as Gabriel Peri who told France why he died and who spoke for all those who died without speaking. The children were hungry, the peasants were silent, the prisoners were silent in Germany: Pétain talked, but that did not count. The only voice we knew to be pure was the cry for liberation, the only appeal we heard reverberating was the silent appeal to be freed from the Germans. France enchained was Europe enchained; the French fields, the French rivers were the countryside of Europe, desolate, with the spring bringing no joy and the sleet and the cold the more fitting season. France stood in our minds for Europe enslaved.

We might have had Hugo in Guernsey; in London a general spoke as best he could. Everything was simple and clear. There were the French and a few traitors, and freeing France we would free Europe. We had our war to fight for our own security and incidentally we would free France and Europe. There would be complications afterwards, there would be governments afterward, there would be a French government afterward, but for the moment there would be French troops —the Fighting French were all right—but it would be better if there were no French government.

Then we entered Africa. In Africa there was Rommel and he too formed part of a clear and simple picture. Rommel took orders from Hitler. There was Montgomery who took orders from Churchill and later from Eisenhower. But, also, surprisingly there were French generals, admirals and soldiers and sailors who, by force of habit, by traditional discipline, took orders from Pétain. To overcome this discipline, to free these consciences so that these Frenchmen in Africa could fight to free France, Darlan was required, Giraud was required, de Gaulle was required. What was required was that all the tendencies, all the loyalties that existed in France itself—all the prejudices, all the acquired positions—should be recognized as existing also in Africa and brought, in Africa, into effective unity.

Nothing in the picture we had formed of France, while France still was distant and silent, was false. Only the picture was incomplete. In Africa it was as if we encountered the village postman on his rounds, the village lawyer with all his dusty files in his cupboard, the village politician, the priest, the baker, the hotel keeper. In Africa we found the man who has a job, the man who lost a job, the man who lost his wife when the road was bombed. In Africa we found France; not just the underground, not just the men of Vichy, not just the business men. When we entered Africa we entered France, and of course in France we found an administration—the de Gaulle-Giraud administration—which commenced at once to act as a government, a French government, intensely conscious that it is a French government and not a committee of Frenchmen to lead French troops under allied orders.

The de Gaulle-Giraud administration in Algiers represents the first European nationalism with which we will have to deal. It is the first resurgent nationalism that we have met with. It will not be pro-American, pro-British; its interests will be exclusively French. It is the prototype of other nationalisms which our advance will permit.

We were to liberate peoples, we still shall liberate peoples, but in so doing we will be liberating also nationalisms. We have liberated the French in Algiers but in so doing we have released the pride of the French, the nationalism of the French. While de Gaulle was still in London he could ask for this and for that and we could refuse him this and that and even recognition. What we refuse now will be refused to France. From now on we have to deal with a French government—call it what we will—we have to deal with the first European government to be reconstructed.

When we have won this war, when these governments all of them have been reconstructed, European nationalism will find itself archaic in a changed world. The long, never-ending Franco-German dispute will be ended in a world from which Germany will have disappeared as a power capable of expansion. Europe is a little cape in Asia: the problem for Europe will be the problem of the relationship between Russia, Great Britain and the United States. The reconstructed European nationalisms will enter a changed world. That is why there is something tragic in the disputes which have surrounded the formation of a French council in Algiers. The disputes were as natural as they were inevitable. In Algiers the French people, all the complicated elements in the life of the French people, are joining together with the elementary purpose and will to drive out the Germans, rebuild a French nation.

They are doing now what the people of all the other subject nations of Europe will do as soon as they have the chance. But when they all shall have succeeded, when the national flags shall fly again in every European capital, the nations of Europe will look at the world and the scale will have changed.

C. G. PAULDING.

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Two Poems

Bridal Song in War-Time

"Swiftly walk o'er the western wave
Spirit of Night! . . . Shelley.

Chant once again thy magic spell—
For these dear lovers!
For, sanctioned though of book and bell,
O'er them too long the daylight hovers—
Shelley, weave thou the charm that brings
The Night upon her cloudy wings!

The profane candle of the day
Burns, ah! how slowly,
While these await through vain delay
The advent of their midnight holy.
Thee we invoke, whose song hath power
To bind the Wind and turn the Hour.

(At thy command the wild West Wind
To fiery flashes
Kindled and spread among mankind
The sparks amid thy thoughts' grey ashes;
And in our hearts they soar like birds,
Thine inextinguishable words!)

Chant now thy song that seems to sweep
On sable pinion
Through all the realms of darkness deep,
Queen Night's compassionate dominion!
Find her within her secret cave,
And charm her over the western wave!

Did not Juliet the tardy race
Of fiery-footed
Hours urge on? "Gallop apace!
And come, thou gentle and sober-suited
Matron Night!—Her cloak shall hide
True love grown bold," said Romeo's bride.

Ah, let none think this vow, like theirs,
Too rash, too sudden:
"Choose now!" saith War—"and long the cares,
Lonely the paths that must be trodden:
Delay no more, give heart to heart;
Waked by the bugle, kiss and part!"

Come, Queen Night, in gown of blue
And mantle starry!
Over the grass-heads wet with dew,
Protectress thou of all who marry!
Lead her softly by the hand,
And let her bring her opiate wand.

Let all the curious city sink
So deep in slumber
That our dear runaways' eyes may wink,
And none their unvexed kisses number:
Night shall unveil what hope and fear
Have shadowed, terrible and dear.

And if Night's brother Death come by
And tease them, asking,
"Doth some one call me?"—make reply:
"No, not for thee is this hour's tasking."
(How like brother and sister seem!
And both give peace, but one in dream.)

And if Night's sweet child Sleep come close
With drowsy murmur,
"Doth some one call?"—then interpose
And say: "Not yet, O lovely charmer:
Come Death whenever love be dead,
Come Sleep when these sweet hours be fled!"

O Chant for them their bridal song,
Sweetest of singers!
The tyrant Clock doth lovers wrong,
With whom our busy day-world lingers:
Sing thou thy Wishing Song that brings
The Night with kind and silent wings!

FLOYD DELL.

Metamorphosis

Lines for an Octogenarian Jesuit

I have grown old but not within
And now division comes,
The ineluctable division of the spring,
Division of maturation and of the fraying bud.
The ice that the river wears groans
As new water is born.

Here within the border of the common flux,
The circumscribed horizon of this pool
And eddying of time,
We have dwelt amphibians,
Wingless until the shell is cast, groping,
Within the denser medium.

But now no more.
These joints clot with rust and must be moved deliberately.
There is a time when sleep brings not renewal, but rebirth,
When sleep not only gathers all unravelling
Up, but cuts the skein away.
The preparation of the seed is long, but not the spring
Nor the sleep that precedes spring.
The sleep is not long.
Only a few days and the bloodroot has spread its pale petals to the sun.

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For some time
I have set one foot calculatingly before the other,
But now the feet are slipping away.
These hands are no longer mine but move at a distance
And conduct their gropings by remote control,
And at times the eye wanders.
The shell must be placed aside:
It has served its purpose.

Why do you not sing?
This is no song,
They have said.

And what have I to sing?
Shadows that move over the pool,
And all the under-side of things,
The purple of things that are gold,
And no voice yet
But a twitch within the muscles.

This is no song,
But a promise.

WALTER J. ONG.

Carlyle and the Present Crisis

Another god for the nazi pantheon

By Cuthbert Wright

WHEN MR. CHESTERTON said long ago that the most obviously important thing about a man was his religion, and Mr. Shaw remarked (somewhat later) that a man's real religion was usually the last thing one knew about him, no one contradicted them because no one had the habit then of taking seriously either of these two great thinkers, whatever he affirmed. The choric reaction to their pronouncements, were they on the most profound and awful questions that can occupy the mind, was like that printed in the reports of congressional or parliamentary debates: *Loud laughter.* In 1905, Chesterton wrote a book called "Heretics" which was largely about certain distinguished people, past and present—Shaw, Wells, Kipling, George Moore, Fitzgerald, and so on. These the author attacked with his customary verve and unfailing good humor, but not on the usual basis. He attacked them on religious grounds. They might be wonderful fellows, personally; some of them might be his dearest and most intimate friends, but they were wrong in the all-important matter of religious belief. The author's thesis seemed to be that there are really no atheists, or even agnostics, outside asylums; there are only people who are religiously in the right, and people who are in the wrong; in other words, heretics. The main point is that the latter's religious errors can be more devastating in effect than Luther's.

After the personally charming and apparently blameless philosopher comes the man of action, the war-lord perhaps, the *Führer* who translates the philosophy into terms of blood and iron and fire and sword. After Robespierre, who preached centralization for France (and, incidentally, did quite a little blood-letting on his own) came Bonaparte who practiced centralization for all Europe, and turned the very ocean bloody. After Nietzsche and Gobineau and Houston Chamberlain and, last but not least, Carlyle, has come that to which their whole creation moved—the nazi State.

Carlyle's religious inheritance was Scotch non-conformity, but non-conformity even to the Established (or Calvinist) Church of Scotland. His father had him educated for the ministry of the New Lichts, one of those small but diverting sects mentioned by Miss Agnes Mure Mackenzie in her fine politico-religious history, "The Passing of the Stewarts." Another and rival group were the *Auld* Lichts who will be recalled by everyone who has read and loved the late Sir James Matthew Barrie's stories about Thrums. Like our own Emerson, Carlyle soon became too radical even for his radical little church, and withdrew from the New Lichts. But Calvinism remained a virus in his blood and inspired his contempt for the Catholic Faith, and his passionate admiration for the great Puritans of the past like Cromwell and John Knox. As Chesterton remarked somewhere, he inherited all the most admirable qualities of the Scot—his independence, his dark irony, his fighting spirit. But he also inherited his Puritanism, and later this combined with that manly but grim paganism of the Saxon before he was converted by Augustine, or the Norseman before he was converted by Olaf. In short, he fell in love with the Nordic heathenism, a bastard version of which is being offered, at this very moment, to the German people. In his early book, "Heroes and Hero Worship," one of the essays is on Knox, but there is another on the God Odin.

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"Heroes and Hero Worship" (1841) makes a good beginning for a study of Carlyle. One essay is about a pagan deity, as we have stated. Another is on a great heresiarch, Mohammed. When he stops to consider "the Hero as Priest," the reader will rub his eyes and note that the ideal priest is neither Saint Leo, who turned back the Huns, nor Becket, who died for the Church, but Luther, who tore down the Church in Germany, and Knox, who did the same in Scotland. Whether the Hero construct a Church like Paul, or destroy one like Luther is, in fact, all the same to Carlyle. The important thing is that the Hero *act,* not that he act heroically but that he act successfully. A new commandment Carlyle gives to all heroes and their worshippers; not that they be brave like Hector, or canny like Ulysses, or patriotic like Aeneas, or holy like Becket, or all four at once like the Jesuit Martyrs of North America; his commandment is not that they *be* anything, but that they *do,* and succeed in what they do. Might makes right; and, consequently, the true Hero is, in a sense, beyond Good and Evil, actually the title of a celebrated German book which Carlyle did not live long enough to extol.

This enthusiasm for non-moral efficiency he carried to the making of "The French Revolution," the most fascinating history in the world were it only more historical. "It was the frightfullest thing ever born of Time," says Carlyle of the Revolution generally. To be sure, he did not live to see the two World Wars which he and his admirers did so much to prepare by licking Prussia's bootjacks for sixty years. All the same, he has a certain admiration for some of the great Jacobins, while sardonically withholding any sympathy for their victims, the royalists, the constitutionalists and the clergy. He thoroughly despises doctrinaires like Robespierre and Lafayette, even when they were, personally, good men, while exalting Mirabeau and Danton who were notoriously bad ones. Mirabeau and Danton got things done. If the ancients had established a cult of destruction, its temple would have been Carlyle's church where the images of Mirabeau and Danton confronted those of Luther and Knox.

The real key to his reconstruction of the heroic in history is a certain self-deception, not so unscrupulous as naïve. Certainly the former New Licht catechist had no *natural* sympathy with a great German gentleman like Goethe, or an English military man like Cromwell, or a Prussian cynic like Frederick the Great. But he had the verbal knack of hero worship for twisting his idol into a shape that satisfied him. Cromwell, for example, was certainly a hero in the Doric mode; moreover, he had that other virtue of being a Puritan like Carlyle. To be sure, there were regrettable episodes in Cromwell's career. He killed his king because he coveted his place, thus breaking two of the ten Commandments on which most Puritans set such store. But Carlyle seems to argue that he did this against his personal will; and we must remember that there is another beside the personal will, sometimes called my duty toward God and toward my neighbor; there is the Heroic Will. Cromwell's reluctance to sign the king's death warrant reminds us a little of the Walrus in Lewis Carroll's beautiful poem:

> "I weep for you," the Walrus said:
> "I deeply sympathize."
> With sobs and tears he sorted out
> Those of the largest size,
> Holding his pocket-handkerchief
> Before his streaming eyes.

If the Puritan general behaved like Jack the Ripper in Catholic Ireland the following year, again his conduct must be twisted and excused according to the now familiar Carlylesian pattern. Cromwell was, undoubtedly, a very great Englishman, but he should, like anyone else in history, be submitted to other tests beside those of power and success.

The most curious example of Carlyle's doctrine of the heroic will is his treatment of Frederick the Great. The latter was not precisely a Puritan, but he was, officially, a Protestant, the next best thing in Carlyle's eyes; and further he was a German man of action. This was enough to make Carlyle pitch on him as the supreme embodiment of everything in history he had revered and advertised from "Heroes and Hero Worship" on. And never was there a more unfortunate choice, at least from the standpoint of the New Licht manse, always a serene backwater in the depth of Carlyle's mind. The same process of hammering and distortion is now brought into play through ten volumes of the Chapman & Hall edition. Danton and Mirabeau are gently lifted out of their thrones, and Frederick and (a little later) Bismarck are lifted in as instruments of the Divine Powers. What the Divine Powers thought of the rape of Silesia, or of Frederick's moral character, Carlyle refrains from informing us.

★

His habitual tone toward France and the new Germany can best be judged by his letter to the London *Times* published on the morrow of the French defeat in 1870:

> It is probably an amiable trait of human nature, this cheap pity and newspaper lamentation over fallen and afflicted France; but it seems to me a very idle, dangerous and misguided feeling as applied to the cession of Alsace-Lorraine by France to her German conquerors. . . . That noble, patient, deep, pious and solid Germany should be at length welded into a Nation, and become Queen of the Continent, instead of vapouring, vainglorious, gesticulating, quarrelsome, restless and over-sensitive France, seems to me the hopefullest public fact that has occurred in my time.

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Has anyone anything to add? Quite apart from the fact that Carlyle's Queen of the Continent is now our own enemy, we have seen how noble she has been in the little matter of Israel and Poland, how patient in that of the Czechs, how pious in that of the Christian Faith. It only seems astonishing that Dr. Goebbels has not long since held up for universal fascist adoration this philosopher, only by accident an enemy, whose whole metaphysical, ethical and personal trend was so emblematic of the nazi soul and the nazi State. Carlyle may have been a radical from the Victorian standpoint, but he was certainly no liberal. He detested the parliamentary idea, with some reason, it must be admitted, in his time. He despised almost everything that today we call democracy. He had a special weakness for everything German—Luther, the Reformation, Prussia. His favorite doctrine of the Strong Man, the hero as natural king because he *can* and must act in a sphere far removed from the soft, effusive teaching of Hebrew prophets and a Messiah who was called the Son of David—all this ought to enthrone him forever among the contemporary German gods. It is not unnatural to suppose that. were he living today, he would admire Hitler a• much as he did Frederick, for Hitler (to date) ı. a success. But he would withdraw his admiratio• from Mussolini because the latter is no longer success. And then, perhaps, the British gover• ment, which, sometimes, has a short way with such dissenters, would lock him up; and he would have a mild taste of that martyrdom which he despised in the case of an English king or a Catholic saint.

Requiem for a Cardinal

Westminster's beloved Archbishop Hinsley

By **Robert Speaight**

IN THE Chapel of Saint Joseph, in the Cathedral Church of Westminster, you will notice the boards lying loosely over the entrance to a newly-made vault. A few bunches of fresh or faded flowers rest on the bare boards, and there is always someone kneeling beside them in the aisle, or in the chapel itself. Above the vault a red hat is suspended from the roof, its great tassels filling all that place with color. It looks very bright just now, but one day I suppose the dust will lie thickly upon it, as it lies thickly upon the hat of Manning in the crypt. People do not often go into the crypt at Westminster, except during an air-raid but hundreds of them pass the Chapel of Saint Joseph every day. The Catholics of England remember Manning with admiration and almost with fear. Perhaps there are poor people in the East End of London who remember him also with love, because he was their friend. But no cardinal of England has ever been loved as the man who now lies under the red hat in Saint Joseph's Chapel. It would be easy to say that he was the cardinal of the common man, but it would be sentimental and false. Arthur Hinsley was the friend to all men of good will, common and uncommon alike.

It still requires an effort to pass down the aisle, where the red hat hangs between the Byzantine arches, to the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament beyond. Indeed, the whole cathedral echoes with the rumor of his Requiem, at which he was honored by the eminent of so many lands. There were Bishops and deans of the Established Church; there were cabinet ministers; there was Mr. Churchill's personal representative. General Sikorski was there, and General de Gaulle. There were Catholic peers and members of Parliament, and the envoys of foreign powers, and behind them, stretching away to the west door and packing the gallery above, were a great company of the Cardinal's own people. Some of these had tickets; others had stood from an early hour in long queues, hoping to gain admission. All had come upon a single impulse of love and grief. All were paying a last tribute to a father, a fellow-countryman, and a friend.

There was, indeed, a certain contrast between the grandeur of his obsequies and the simplicity of the man as we had known him. There he lay on the great catafalque, surrounded with the massed candles—lonely, exalted and apart. Below him, on either side, were his own clergy, about seven hundred of them, and beyond him in the sanctuary were the Apostolic Delegate, the Bishops of England and Wales, and the Archbishop of New York. This fraternal gesture in the name of the Catholics of America was warmly appreciated by the Catholics of England. I remembered the last time I had seen and spoken with the Cardinal; it was at a luncheon given in honor of Mr. Francis Matthews, Supreme Knight of the Knights of Columbus. This was his last

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appearance in public, and he spoke then of the Faith which should be the foundation of friendship between England and America. He left us in no doubt of his belief that a union of hearts and wills on this firm basis would play a capital part in the future ordering of the world. I remembered a day spent with him at his country house soon after my return from the United States in 1941. He was eager to know how the Catholics of America were feeling about the war; any Englishman, with the least intelligence of affairs, understood the importance of that question at that time. I gave him my frank impressions, and he told me of his great esteem for Mr. Wendell Willkie, whom he had met during Mr. Willkie's visit to London. And then I remembered two long days spent with him in his car, visiting the French Canadians at Aldershot, and the Fighting French naval depot of "Bir Hakeim." I could still see him sitting back in his seat, the scarlet rug spread over his knees, and hear him speaking his mind very simply and candidly on any subject which occupied it. This might have been the "Sword of the Spirit," or Christian cooperation, or the sufferings of Poland, or the mounting strength of the RAF, or the beauty of the English countryside. "A grand country, a grand country!" . . . I can hear him exclaim, as we passed the stooks of wheat, ranked very neatly on the Surrey farms, and golden in the summer sunshine. "The Vale between Farnham and Alton is the finest ten miles in England." This was the Cobbett country, and Cobbett had quoted that description of it from Arthur Young. There was much in common between William Cobbett, the Protestant farmer-agitator who had challenged all Protestant history with his account of the English Reformation, and Arthur Hinsley, Cardinal priest of the Church of Saint Susanna and fifth Archbishop of Westminster. Arthur Hinsley was the son of a carpenter, as William Cobbett was the son of a ploughman. Each, in his time, knew the nature of freedom and the forces which were bent on its destruction. Each was a man of the people, and knew when impostors were speaking in its name.

These were some of the thoughts that ran through my mind on the morning of the Cardinal's Requiem, and many others must have nursed their own memories. They, too, must have contrasted the sumptuous and rather remote ceremony of his committal with the Christian intimacy he had extended to all who met him. You could not speak to the Cardinal for an hour on any subject without feeling that he was your friend. It is sometimes said of a man that he is "forthcoming," and the word was true of Arthur Hinsley in an exact sense. He literally came out of himself to meet you. He made himself part of your interests and your work. He believed that any good work was important work, and as such he gave it his blessing. No one would have called him an intellectual or even a scholar, but he believed in the things of the mind, and encouraged them. He had, for example, a very lively sense of the importance of Christopher Dawson. Both were Yorkshiremen; Dawson from a long line of Yorkshire squires, and the Cardinal from a long line of yeomen. (You will find many generations of Hinsleys in the Parish register at Carlton Towers, all of them staunchly Catholic through the worst of Penal Times). Dawson is a convert, and the two men understood one another, cooperating closely in the foundation of the "Sword of the Spirit." The Cardinal realized the unique qualities which Dawson had brought to the study of history, and endorsed his reading of the contemporary crisis. Dawson saw in the Cardinal a great leader who was able to represent before the whole of England his own challenge to Leviathan. Both maintained a central position in politics, distrustful of extremes. Labels are misleading, but if you had called either of them a Conservative Democrat, I do not think they would have disagreed with you.

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Just as he appreciated the value of Christopher Dawson for England, so he sensed the value of Jacques Maritain for France, quoting him from the pulpit of Westminster before a great company of the Fighting Frenchmen. The Cardinal had wide cultural sympathies. One of the last laymen to see him was John Rothenstein, Director of the Tate Gallery, to whom he talked for two hours on the subject of church decoration. The Cardinal detested "repository art," and he would recall that in the churches of Rome its plaster products were not permitted. He understood what an unworthy façade the Catholic religion often presented to the world, and this was especially damaging in England, where the Established Church had such a rich tradition of appearances. He did a great deal to encourage the liturgical movement among Catholics, and after the first Whit-Monday Mass for the Society of Saint Gregory, which was sung by the whole congregation in Westminster Cathedral, he remarked; "This should be the normal Sunday Mass in every parish church in England."

He was English to the bone, and the blood of his Irish mother added a flame to the Yorkshire fuel. Very typical of him was his enthusiasm for cricket. It is recorded that when he was a parish priest in South London, he once took the bat out of a youngster's hand on a public common and taught him the right way to make his strokes. He was stopped, however, by a policeman, who reminded him that only children were allowed to play on this particular piece of ground!

He was very English, too, in his fierce hatred of

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injustice. "An upstart Caesar, the creature of a day"; it was in these words that he denounced Adolf Hitler in the Cathedral of Westminster. But he was equally vehement against domestic evils. "What is the good of a Youth movement, if you don't have any young people?" he exclaimed in a broadcast address to the youth of England. He was just as tenacious of his rights as a Catholic in a Protestant or a post-Christian community, as he was of his rights as an Englishman in the comity of nations. He believed, with all his heart and soul, that this was a just and necessary war; but he was never shifted by the squalls of political fashion. He had a special love for Poland. In domestic affairs he sponsored the Joint Pastoral on the Social Order, perhaps the most radical and downright challenge to come from any ecclesiastical quarter in this country, but he saw the threat to liberty latent in the Beveridge Report and was afraid that Catholics would give it too uncritical an acceptance. "Neither left nor right, straight ahead" that was how he defined his objective. It was, perhaps, too imprecise a definition, but its generosity and moderation were congenial to the English mind.

The Cardinal returned to England as Archbishop after many years spent in Rome as Rector of the Venerable English College, and in Africa as Apostolic Visitor and Delegate. He combined the English temperament and the Catholic perspective. He had the patience and the long memory which you will often find in those who have spent a great part of their lives in the Eternal City. His natural vehemence was balanced by prudence and softened by charity. His chief concern as a missionary was for education, and when he left Africa for the last time he was able to say: "I can speak without prejudices because I have seen what is being done all over Africa. The British Government gives liberty to Catholic schools everywhere, and wherever I have been I have met British officials who have an ardent desire never to offend the religious feelings of Christians."

His African experience gave him hope that the new Education Bill, now anxiously awaited, would not do violence to the principles of religious liberty which were so dear to him. But the Cardinal's sense of justice enabled him to see the chinks in the British armor. For example, he could be critical of Ireland; but he admitted that the ill-treatment of its Catholic minority by the Ulster Government was a flaw in our moral defenses. He would never scruple to take up the cudgels on behalf of anyone he felt had been unjustly treated. This courage and magnanimity communicated themselves to many thousands outside his own flock, and gave him a unique hold upon the public heart.

Perhaps the greatest work of his last years was the lead he gave to the cause of Christian cooperation. He had hoped that this might go forward under the banner of the "Sword of the Spirit"; but the difficulties proved insuperable, and he had to be content with the setting up of a Joint Christian Council of Anglicans, Catholics and Free Churchmen, to speak with a united voice on questions of social and international order. As President and founder of the Sword of the Spirit, he gave his blessing to this, basing his support on the declared principles of the reigning Pontiff; and it is a grave discouragement that his influence should have been removed by death. However, the challenge of the secularist gospel is growing more insistent, day by day, in Britain, and one hopes that Christian men, united in defense of the natural law, will not allow suspicion and prejudice, or even valid doctrinal differences, to distract them from any work they can rightly undertake in common. As the *Times* put it in an editorial on the morrow of the Cardinal's death, "he leaves a better understanding between the Catholic Church and the Church of England than has existed at any time since the Reformation." As the *Church Times* put it, more colloquially, "There has never been an Archbishop of Westminster like Cardinal Hinsley."

I fancy that was the dominating thought in all our minds, as we knelt at his Requiem; the simple, intense thought, which is the supreme legacy of the dead—"there has never been anyone like him." He could ask for no grander epitaph. The sense of loss abides and will not cease, though time may leaven it with the consolations of memory. No Catholic leader in England has touched so many people at so many points; there has been none whose goodness had so great a power. Yet, as Christopher Hollis wrote of Abraham Lincoln; "he died with his life's work in front of him." It often seems to be thus with the greatest of men, and it seemed to be thus with the Savior of Mankind. But the fallibility of human judgment is rebuked by history, which is only another name for the Providence of God.

Arthur Hinsley and Abraham Lincoln were men of peace called to power in a time of war, and both left behind them an example, by which other men might be reconciled to each other. But the homage of an English Catholic must press beyond even these august comparisons to that very private place where the Cardinal spoke with his Master, and where no one may compare but God. It was said of him that he had a habit of groaning in prayer, out of a sense of his own unworthiness for the great task to which he had been called, and he recited twenty-five decades of the Rosary every day. As the veils are lifted upon his life and work, more intimate evidence of his holiness may come to hand. But none is necessary; it was clear to us all that the Cardinal's conversation was in Heaven. Holiness and humanity were the two

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notes which composed the harmony of his character, and neither is obscured by the red hat which hangs above his tomb.

When the long Requiem was over, I turned from my seat to find myself face to face with a group of workmen, their overalls and dungarees contrasting suddenly with the sober uniforms and all the neat civic black. In a moment or two they would return to their work on the Cardinal's vault, and the labor of their hands was a fitting tribute to one who was himself the son of a carpenter. Nor did their rough appearance seem remotely out of place at a Requiem for a Prince of the Universal Church. For he whom we there buried was something more than a Prince among men; he was also a man among Princes.

Communications

TWO CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTORS

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: Having just finished Kate O'Brien's "The Last of Summer," I must confess to a little bewilderment over your unqualified endorsement (April 30) of Miss O'Brien as "a Catholic novelist writing as a Catholic whom you can count on." It seems to me that in "The Last of Summer," as well as in Miss O'Brien's two most popular preceding novels, "The Land of Spices" and "Without My Cloak," there are several aspects of her treatment that ought to be given much more careful scrutiny by our Catholic reviewers, if for no other reason than that an artist of Kate O'Brien's unquestioned high rank will be read by a wide non-Catholic public.

From the latter viewpoint I wonder whether non-Catholic readers will assume that all Catholics would react with the easy casualness of the Kernahans to the love affair between *first cousins* which provides the chief source of the love interest in "The Last of Summer." Mrs. Kernahan's antipathy to the union of her son with Angèle is not because of doctrinal reasons. The "special license" to marry, as Tom Kernahan refers to it, is taken to be very easily obtainable, as though the Catholic Church weren't really too much concerned about the impediment; the bishop's reluctance to grant the permission immediately is attributed more to his personal rigidity than to his right interpretation of the mind of the Church, and Tom's outcry against the "many bloody regulations in the world" is quite likely to be echoed sympathetically by all readers deeply moved over his tender love for Angèle.

Again, it seems to me that with all her admirable objectivity, Miss O'Brien is a little unfair in her character portrayals. With the exception of Jo, the daughter about to enter the convent despite the strong opposition of her "Catholic" family, Catholic life in "The Last of Summer" is illustrated by the spurious sanctity of Mrs. Kernahan, the religiousity of simpletons like Dotey, Maggie May, and Dr. O'Byrne's wife (excessive child bearing brought about her state), and the sheltered piety of Tom, who in his rôle of "mama's boy" isn't likely to be very inspiring. By way of contrast, Martin, the dissolute son, the utterly naturalistic, the "first cousin" who remarks that "if they wanted the forbidden degrees observed, they should have pronounced them in time," is discovered in the end to have the only true greatness of soul. It's Martin who tells his selfish mother that this isn't just Poland's war (the secular reviewers played that up); it's Martin who's magnanimous enough to go off to fight as a poilu for France; it's Martin who gets Angèle—at least for a while.

I've always felt that the real Catholic novel ought to give a much warmer and sympathetic picture of Catholic life and Catholic people than one finds in Kate O'Brien's novels. And especially when the Catholics portrayed are Irish!

BROTHER C. PHILIP.

We are not convinced.—THE EDITORS.

Camp Cooke, Calif.

TO the Editors: This letter refers to your March 26 issue of THE COMMONWEAL, specifically your editorial policy concerning Soviet Russia. It was quite some time before I recovered from the shock of seeing such an editorial tone in a Catholic publication—but we must face the fact that the editorial policy is there.

What beautiful phraseology you use concerning "the magnificent military achievement of the Russian Army." Frankly if the achievement has been so magnificent, I cannot understand why Russia does not permit our military experts to visit the fighting fronts. Since our observers are not permitted at the fronts I wonder where you got the information that the accomplishments of the Russian army are "magnificent." However, before drawing conclusions other factors must be eliminated. Call off the war in the West against the Axis and stop the flow of American material to Russia and we could quickly judge how "magnificent" the Russian Army truly is.

There are elements in the United States calling for a complete understanding with Russia, and by "understanding" is meant forgetting about the past deeds of the Soviets and accepting Russia into the family of nations. But it is impossible for Catholics to be associated with these elements. Our Pope has refused diplomatic relations with the Soviet Government and that settles the matter as far as Catholics are concerned. Regardless of the epithets of a few Catholics in high political circles to the effect that the Soviets are no longer the main enemy of the Catholic Church, such a decision must first be made by the Vatican. And until the Vatican makes this plain, the Soviet government is still the main —I repeat, the "MAIN" enemy of the Catholic Church.

An "understanding" with Russia as a necessity for Catholicism is a rather novel view. Can it be that the Church with such a remarkable history must come to an "understanding" with Soviet Russia in order to survive? If this be the view of THE COMMONWEAL, may I suggest a good course in Catholic apologetics for the editors?

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Catholics in the United States have a duty toward their Church, as the representative of God, and a duty toward their country. We in the armed services are fighting because we have a duty to protect our country. But we are not fighting for any "understanding" with the Soviet power. If the representatives of our government desire an understanding because of political necessity or otherwise, we regret the decision. It is even sickening to fight on the same side with the Soviets. But the desire for an "understanding" is a political question solely; it is not in the least a Catholic question.

THE COMMONWEAL has pointed out that "the changes we are witnessing represent a considerable relaxation or easing off, in the anti-religious policy of the [Soviet] government." Is it not strange that this policy has occurred only after the march of the Axis armies into Russia? If this be one after-effect of the Axis armies, it is not an effect that we Catholics disagree with. Far from it. Apparently the Axis armies accomplished what the Catholic Church failed in twenty years to accomplish.

I doubt that this letter will be printed, although you have my approval to do so if you wish. It appears that THE COMMONWEAL has fallen somewhat for the conglomerate and lying pro-Soviet propaganda in the United States. Without any malice the writer suggests that the editors would find much better company for such views, but definitely OUT of the Catholic Church.

FRANZ J. BADDOCK,
1st. Lt., 68th Armored Regiment.

We are not convinced.—THE EDITORS.

The Stage & Screen

Moment Musical

THE IDEA of the play is that a married woman, mother of two children, visiting in New York, is instantaneously captivated by Henry, that forty-year-old "mad Yank" who has such deep "humanity" that he is irresistible to women. They kiss, hold hands, gaze into one another's eyes "in a soulful manner," the delicate way to put it, I believe. And they dream of having twelve children, six choir boys and six occupationally undefined girls.

Love like this is comprehensible at ages sixteen to twenty. It has no more background than Minerva and no more sense than a fiat of nature. It is an impossibility at ages thirty to forty. The tender emotions originally inarticulate and, in uncritical youth, easily attached to words of any kind whether banal or exalted are chastened by time, reason, work and experience. This play reflects a forty-year-old mind redreaming the universal and beautiful mirage of youth. What is wrong with the play is that it harnesses a sweet dream to the tired arteries of a man of forty and (in this case) to the fatigued realism generated by unsatisfactory marriage and motherhood.

Joan Croydon does well with the part of the incredible mother. Dayton Lummis had the exceedingly difficult job of being forty and irresistible. I thought his efforts valiant. Eileen Heckert, in whose apartment this fantasy fitted somewhat uneasily, contributed the light touches. *(At the Blackfriars.)*

THE BLACKFRIARS are having trouble with the craft unions of the theater who have the blessings of Equity. They have put the Blackfriars on the blacklist. The work of an experimental theater can hardly call for full unionization. The experimental theater, including the Blackfriars, is carried on without hope or realization of profit. To unionize all work done for such theaters is likely to make experimental dramatics impossible. I am informed that the unions took their action in hostility to the experimental theater without giving the latter an opportunity to be heard. The unions to this date apparently decline to discuss the matter with the guild.

JAMES N. VAUGHAN.

Lighter Side

SINCE *"Cabin in the Sky"* is a Negro fantasy, Hollywood might be excused for portraying Negroes as theatrical, crap-shootin', buck-and-wing darkies. But since this is a fantasy I wish Director Vincente Minnelli had used a lighter hand to make the movie less earthy and had taken advantage of cinema's opportunities for flights of magic. He might well have toned down the more risqué lines and situations which are hardly in keeping with this kind of make-believe. However, "Cabin in the Sky" is a fairy tale for adults and most of it is a delight. With a nice feeling for folklore, it tells the story of Little Joe, a sinner who is given another chance by the Lord because his wife Petunia, who prays mighty powerful, explains that he's just weak, not wicked. Especially interested in Little Joe's soul are the Lord's General and Lucifer, Jr, who carry on a competition. For a while the General is winning; and Joe and Petunia are happy in their simple life together. But when Lucifer, Jr., gets the diabolical idea of letting Joe win the sweepstakes, things go bad. Seductive Georgia Brown steps in and works fast on Joe; and Petunia makes the mistake of getting angry and throwing him out. Then Petunia decides to re-win Joe by using Georgia's tactics. In the finale, Joe somehow gets into Heaven on a technicality. The cast in Arthur Freed's production are excellent.

Ethel Water's acting ability and rich warm voice lend themselves beautifully to the rôle of Petunia and the good songs. Eddie "Rochester" Anderson, as Little Joe, shows that he needn't confine his dramatics to being Jack Benny's stooge. As the vampire of the piece, Lena Horne displays a beauty that might be the envy of many a Hollywood glamor gal. Also outstanding in this all-Negro cast are Rex Ingram, Louis Armstrong, "Bubbles" and Butterfly McQueen. Much of Vernon Duke's music for the original play has been used (lyrics by John Latouche). And several new numbers by E. Y. Harburg and Harold Arlen were added. The Hall Johnson Choir help out in the big chorus numbers; and Duke Ellington and his Orchestra play hot in the nightclub scene. If you don't leave the theater concentrating on the fable's moral (that some-

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times when you fight the devil you have to stab him with his own pitchfork), you're certain to be humming one of these very catchy tunes.

Even those who were delighted with Mary O'Hara's charming book, *"My Friend Flicka,"* may find the movie a bit on the sticky side. The production illustrates the trap into which Hollywood so often falls: it errs by being too well done, too slick. The scenery in technicolor is magnificent; and all the scenes of the horses are excitingly beautiful. But the original story was simple and should have been told in a homely and dignified manner. Lillie Hayward's screenplay, although faithful to the book, emphasizes its sentimental aspects. Producer Ralph Dietrich and Director Harold Schuster wallow in sweetness and light. Perhaps that splendid actor, Roddy McDowall, who certainly looks like the little boy whose head was in the clouds, was not wisely cast as this youngster. His English accent lends a strange and affected note, especially since his parents are made very American by virile Preston Foster and lovely Rita Johnston. However, in spite of the picture's faults, the warm, moving story does come through. Moviegoers who don't cringe at soft tears will revel in this tale about the coming-of-age of a boy and a horse.

"Mr. Big" is also about young people, but just as "My Friend Flicka" goes overboard in glossy sentimentality, this musical film about high school-age jitterbugs goes haywire in exaggerated excesses. If Hollywood would take itself seriously and accept a challenge, it might show us what our jive-mad teen-age youngsters are up to, and what goes on in their pretty heads and dancing feet. But "Mr. Big" doesn't give us much insight; in fact it encourages us to drop the subject and leave these ill-mannered brats to their own devices. This is too bad because much good talent was wasted on this film. Young Donald O'Connor who has the making of star material, can act, sing and dance, but in this exhibition he is so busy imitating Mickey Rooney's mugging that his own personality has little chance to shine through. He is ably assisted by Peggy Ryan and Gloria Jean in a thin plot about a group of youngsters at a dramatic school who are unhappy about staging "Antigone" when they want to do a musical revue. The plot is as corny as the slow double-take in which the cast indulges too often. The film has some good songs, most of which were written by Buddy Pepper and Inez James. The cast does its numbers exceedingly well, but the producers should have been told that enough is enough and sometimes too much. After we see and hear Schubert swung and Shakespeare (Hamlet's "To be or not to be" speech) jazzed up by the hep cats, we haven't too much stomach left for the other items. Perhaps the whole film could be summed up in one rough-and-tumble number into which these kids throw themselves with vehemence. It is titled "Rude, Crude and Unattractive."

For a few moments I thought *"The Youngest Profession"* might be a sincere piece about our minors. Its title refers to the business of getting autographs. But it soon becomes obvious that this film considers only the young movie-struck females as worthy of study. "Study" is not the word for what goes on in this film, which is a pretentious confection about a group of high-school girls, two in particular (Virginia Weidler and Jean Porter), who plague movie stars that make the mistake of coming to New York. Greer Garson, Walter Pidgeon, Robert Taylor and William Powell put in appearances as themselves, but have little more to do than smile and look tolerant at the pests. Parents (Edward Arnold, Marta Linden, etc.) also poke their noses into the plot, probably because the tired scriptwriters were bored with the autograph theme. But the grown-ups act silly and seem completely mystified by their children's behavior. One comes to the conclusion that the trouble with children is their elders. At the film's beginning we see Lana Turner, as herself, opening and answering fan mail. With a straight face she says these autograph hunters are the mainstay of the film industry. Maybe just that is the trouble with the movies.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

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Post War Depression?

By JOHN A. RYAN

THE SECOND PART of the title of a new and very useful volume* has misleading implications. It will suggest to some readers, perhaps to a majority, that after the war our national debt will constitute a great danger to our national economy. As a matter of fact, this need not happen. The fundamental consideration is not the absolute magnitude of the national debt, but its relation to current national income. On page 71 of the book appears a table which shows that between 1933 and 1942, the debt increased from 22.5 to more than 70 billion dollars. During the same period, however, the national income grew from 41.75 to 120 billion. No one doubts that the latter increase is more than ample to take care of the increased interest charges. Let us assume that, by the end of the war, the national debt will have reached the horrendous figure of 250 billion dollars. At 2.5 percent, the annual interest payment will be 6.25 billion, which is 5 percent of the easily attainable national income of 125 billion. As stated above, the national debt in 1933 was only 22.5 billion; but the interest charge (3.4 percent at that time) was about 665 million, or approximately 1.8 percent of the current national income. The additional 5,585 million required to service the national debt in, say, 1945, could be produced many times over by adequate tax rates.

The "danger" from the enormous post war national debt lies not in its absolute volume, but in the possibility that we shall not maintain full employment of our

*Out of Debt, Out of Danger. Jerry Voorhis. Devin. $3.00.

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workers and our industries, and that we shall fail to keep the national income above 100 billion dollars. This is our real problem and it will not be solved by the proposals and programs now offered by our reactionaries in business and in politics.

Congressman Voorhis devotes a large part of his book to a defense of the proposition that the Federal Government should assume ownership and control of the instrumentalities for creating money and credit. More than a year ago, he introduced in the House of Representatives an amendment by virtue of which "Congress would have purchased the entire capital stock of the twelve central Federal Reserve banks, and thus made them really a national bank of issue belonging to the people of the whole United States." Secretary Morgenthau favors this proposal.

While the change may be desirable, it is not as important as it appears to Congressman Voorhis. On page 179 of his book, he lists the advantages to be derived from government purchase of the capital stock of the central Federal Reserve banks at a cost of 144 million dollars.

"First. Acquire an accumulated surplus of over 184 million dollars." This would represent a profit of only 40 million dollars.

"Second. Reduce the public debt immediately by at least $2,436,000,000, the amount of United States bonds held by the central banks on May 8, 1942, and bought with credit on the books of the banks created for that purpose." I confess that I do not understand the implications of this transaction. Inasmuch as the government received real value, purchasing power, from the banks in exchange for the bonds, the morality of recapturing them seems to be questionable.

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Of the other advantages mentioned by the author, the most important are the substitution of non interest bearing for interest bearing bonds, thus reducing enormously the Federal expenditures and eventually empowering the twelve central banks "to earn their way out of debt." While I have tried hard to understand just what is involved in this proposal, I have not been successful. It seems to me that, except in periods of falling prices and deflation, this device might easily, perhaps inevitably, bring about an injurious inflation of the currency. At any rate, the description of the plan needs to be made much clearer.

The frequent reference in the volume to that provision in the Constitution which empowers Congress to "coin money and regulate the value thereof" illustrates the faults of misplaced emphasis and wrong interpretations. In the first place, this clause has nothing to do with paper money. The Constitution uses the word "coin," not the word "issue," because its makers had in mind only metallic money. What we now call "paper money" they called "bills of credit." Not until 1866 did the Supreme Court decide that Congress had the power to make money out of paper as well as out of metals. In the second place, the word "value" in the phrase "regulate the value thereof" does not mean "purchasing power."

The economic theory that the purchasing power of money can be regulated by controlling or managing its quantity did not have many adherents for several decades after 1789. The makers of the Constitution empowered Congress to define the weight and fineness of the metal that should have the value of one dollar. So much gold of such a quality would have so much value. This clause was intended to prevent not fluctuations in the purchasing power of money but debasement of the coinage. (See Payne, "The Constitution Annotated," pp. 205, 206.)

The book fails to put the reader on his guard against the inference that the bankers' power to manufacture credit must bring them enormous profits. As a matter of fact, the member banks of the Federal Reserve system are limited to six percent interest on their stock in that agency. Between 1923 and 1935, they obtained a yearly average of only 4.07 percent on their other capital. Despite the power of the banks to issue quantities of "fountain pen money," banking does not seem to be a uniquely profitable business.

Jerry Voorhis is a great progressive and a valiant champion of social justice. He is well aware that unemployment and depressions are due mainly to insufficient purchasing power in the hands of the masses. From this fact he draws the inference that the necessary increased buying power should "be provided by governmental creation of money."

That device is neither wise nor necessary. When prices have been falling over a considerable period of time, an increase in the volume of money in circulation is undoubtedly helpful, but when they are fairly stable, any considerable increase is inflationary and harmful. In the years 1938 and 1939, millions were still unemployed, but the remedy was obviously not an enormous amount of "governmentally created money." Increased purchasing power could have been put into the hands of those who were ready to spend it for consumers' goods, by a better distribution of the national income and by government spending. This would have meant: first, higher wages for the laborer and higher prices for the farmer; second, a greatly increased program of public works, financed by higher taxes on incomes, inheritances and excess profits, and if necessary by borrowing.

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So long as the price level remains fairly stable, unemployment is not due to a lack of money in circulation. The problem is not monetary but industrial. Increased purchasing power for the masses must come from increased production, which in turn must be provided by a better distribution and by government expenditures on public works. If these measures are adopted in sufficient volume, the supply of money will automatically become ample, even under the Federal Reserve System as it now exists and functions.

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Editors' Choice

U. S. Foreign Policy. *Shield of the Republic. Walter Lippmann. Atlantic—Little.* $1.50.

Mr. Lincoln's Wife. *Anne Colver. Farrar.* $2.50.

Willow Run. *Glendon Swarthout. Crowell.* $2.50.

The Maine Idea. *Keith Jennison. Harcourt.* $2.50.
A Sense of Humus. *Bertha Damon. Simon & Schuster.* $2.50.

Toward a Frank Alliance

WHEN YOU have worked with words for years, you either get very careless with words or you reach a point where you can make words say exactly what you wish them to say. Mr. Lippmann has never become careless. There is, consequently, a certain clear precision in this new short, but vastly important, book of his, a concise quality in exposition that sets it apart from other current plans and blueprints for the future. It will not be easy to misunderstand this book. Briefly the thesis is this.

"A foreign policy consists in bringing into balance, with a comfortable surplus of power in reserve, the nation's commitments and the nation's power." All nations, great or small, are committed to defend certain essentials and will fight rather than lose these essentials. Switzerland will fight to protect its territorial integrity. The United States will fight to protect its territorial integrity. But the United States will also fight to protect the commitments it entered upon when it proclaimed the Monroe doctrine; it is obliged to fight—it is fighting now—to cover the commitments it entered upon when, after our Spanish war, it took up an advanced position in the Philippines close to Asia; it is obliged to fight—as it fought in the last war—whenever its security is threatened—even when there are no formal commitments. The United States despite the existence of its formal commitments and despite the implacable necessity of defending certain constant interests of security has lost, during the past fifty years all conception of matching these commitments with the power, the preparing of the power, to defend them. The United States has neither prepared its own powers nor made the necessary alliances with those nations whose interests coincide with its own. As a result the United States has entered two wars unprepared and greatly surprised, and has spent the period between the two wars weakening its own forces and those of the nations with which it is now associated. How has such a policy or lack of policy been possible? Because the nation has lived in a sort of euphory, thinking that its security was assured by some sort of natural law, while in fact it depended greatly upon British sea power and British policy.

In some extremely interesting pages Mr. Lippmann shows that the Monroe doctrine was proclaimed only after consultation with Great Britain and assurance of British support. Monroe, Jefferson and Madison balanced their commitments with the power to protect them. Never in the early years of the Republic were American statesmen averse to alliances. Mr. Lippmann convincingly explains their much quoted statements to the contrary. But later, while our security constantly depended on natural concert of interests, Americans have persisted in refusing the formal alliances which might have created a position secure enough to discourage attack and which, if attack had come none the less, would have ensured a conscious, coordinated and effective resistance.

In brief, Mr. Lippmann suggests that a foreign policy for the United States must recognize the existence of the commitments we have assumed during the course of our history, and that with enlightened self-interest we enter, deliberately, the nuclear alliances which will permit us to balance them with the necessary power. Alliance, then, with Great Britain, with the nations of the Atlantic basin, France, the Netherlands, Belgium, the nations of South America, Spain, Portugal, alliance with Russia. Russia Mr. Lippmann sees as a special problem, less because of communism—we have never liked the régimes the Russian people have suffered—than because with the disappearance of Japan as a major power there will be a great change in the factors which have caused Russia's permanent interests and our own to coincide.

All this is far removed from Mr. Wilson's idealism, as it is from the vague habits of American idealism and pacifism in general. But it should not be confused with any primitive idea of power politics. The concert of nations, the formal recognition by the United States of its permanent need for allies, implies no idea of world domination by force. The great tripartite alliance means security for its members, but it means also the creation of an immense attractive force for all nations which desire security. Moreover this alliance can only function in justice and freedom, for injustice or coercion will immediately destroy it; it can only function because it is a natural alliance, the natural merging of interests, the natural advance toward unity.

Mr. Lippmann's plan assumes the disappearance of Germany as an expansive power. It is time to recognize that such a disappearance is desirable and inevitable—inevitable because of the emergence of Russia as an "arsenal," desirable because we are what we are, for better or worse, and Germany, breaking out of Europe into the world, would destroy us. Yet Mr. Lippmann sees beyond Germany; this is not a war book, not a propaganda book; there is no hatred in this book. Mr. Lippmann's plan is in the tone, the forgotten tone, of the great American statesmen, the founders of this nation.

The Todds

MARY TODD LINCOLN seems never to come out very convincing from the pages of even the best books written about her husband. One gets a vague impression or a caricature: she was a driving woman, a thorn in his flesh. We know that she came of a family which considered itself well above Mr. Lincoln socially, and we know that she was extravagant while her husband was in the White House. We know all the bare facts, but they do not make her a living person. A new novel about Mrs. Lincoln at least does succeed in turning her into something which breathes, something we recognize as having met before. And that is high praise. You may wonder whether the character created by Anne Colver really reflects the historic Mary Todd; there is slight chance that your wondering will ever be resolved. Yet there is little in this fictional picture which runs counter to the record; and that much "verification" is probably as much as anyone can expect.

Assuming, then, that "Mr. Lincoln's Wife" be taken at face value, what have we? A pathetic story of a woman who married, perhaps, beneath her social station, but way above her own capacity. She married for love and a little bit for stubbornness. She was convinced that this man she had chosen would some day achieve great things; certainly

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she never hesitated to push him toward his destiny. But she herself simply lacked his quality. She had been molded by a family sure of itself, sure of its superiority, and so prolific that it overwhelmed by sheer weight of numbers. In such an environment there had been no need of a broad humanity, of an interest in all sorts of people, of a personal detachment. Mr. Lincoln possessed all of these attributes as they are rarely possessed by any man. They were attributes not to be understood by a Todd, and attributes often to hurt a Todd.

Mrs. Lincoln was her own worst enemy. By her own folly and unconscious self-conceit she created many of her worst troubles. She let her heart govern her mind almost completely. She stood in the way of her son's enlisting at the very moment when her husband was drafting men by the hundreds of thousands—until at last even she was forced to see how narrowly selfish was her conduct. She fell an easy prey to the flattery of merchants, and bought without a thought as to how the bills would be paid. She did not hesitate later to try to cheat her creditors. Finally her egocentricity turned into violent eccentricity, and her son was forced to have her committed as not fit to manage her own affairs. Her story is the story of a petty woman married to a great man, of a small frog in a very large puddle. Had Mr. Lincoln gone no further than to become a leading lawyer in Illinois, perhaps the worst of her mistakes would never have been within her reach. And yet she had a very warm heart, and Mr. Lincoln, who of all things was moved by a warm heart, continued always patient, one might almost say unaware of his own patience, so much did he accept her goodness and the fact of their marriage.

That, roughly, is the picture "Mr. Lincoln's Wife" paints for us. It is a moving and sympathetic picture, filled with pathos, but not with tragedy. For its heroine is not of sufficient stature to justify tragedy.

The Sudden Novel

BEFORE we had read very much of "Willow Run" we decided that there should be a law that would prohibit young hopefuls from writing a novel until said hopefuls had first published six short stories in reputable magazines. If such a law had been on the books a few years ago, for example, we ourselves would have been spared all the time, energy and agony involved in writing what was undoubtedly the most appalling labor novel in the history of unpublished American letters.

It is true that novels and short stories are birds of a different feather. But mastery of the art of fiction and a certain competence in the English language, in the handling of dialogue and character, are common to both. And if you eliminated all the first novels, or second novels, in which these basic ingredients are among the missing, you would probably save a million tons of paper and several suicides every year.

Take Glendon Swarthout, author of "Willow Run," as a case in point. According to the jacket he graduated from the University of Michigan in 1939, worked two years in the auto and advertising industries and six months as a newspaperman. Rejected by the Army, he went to work in the Ford bomber plant at Willow Run and began to write this novel the first night he came home from work, spending six hours a day on it (seven hours on Sunday) for four months and one week. Scout Master, give Mr. Swarthout a merit badge with palms for Incredible Effort.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Swarthout writes rather well in a self-conscious sort of way; he has honesty, idealism and vitality; he is interested in people and seems to like them. This might appear to be pretty good equipment for a novelist. And yet "Willow Run" is a very bad novel, full of unreal people who talk all wrong and act like idiot children, and who stop talking and acting for no other apparent reason than that their overworked creator desperately needed a rest.

The question that interests us therefore is: why did Mr. Swarthout, with so little fictional training, have the temerity to tackle a proletarian novel? For that matter, why did we? Experts agree that there is no tougher literary assignment than the business of making American workers at work interesting and dramatic. There is nothing harder than to catch accurately the subtle sound and rhythm and profanity and understatement, or overstatement, of their speech—that is, the speech of those workers who are interesting. Trained, competent novelists have muffed the job. Some say that only Steinbeck and Dos Passos have done it well. How can we greenhorns have the arrogance even to attempt it?

The answer is Rousseau. Gad, we're abrupt, but we mean it: Rousseau and all the absurd drivel of Romanticism—nourished by laziness, dreams, and impatience—that has accumulated from his day to the present, until now all kinds of people believe, either consciously or subconsciously, that the genius of an artist really is a law unto itself, swinging free of all such earthy considerations as background, training, the laws of time and growth, and the nasty business of hard work. Thomas Edison was the reverse of a literary critic, and his formula ("Genius is 10 percent inspiration and 90 percent perspiration") may underplay the importance of fixed equipment in the genius amalgam. But in his corny, philistine way old man Edison had more sense than most of the literary and art critics who have muddied the waters of thought since the day when Boileau first said, "Polissez-le et le repolissez."

Me. and New Hampshire

WHICH Americans have the most individuality? Possibly the hill people of the Ozarks and the southern Alleghanies have been the most insulated and have thus best preserved old time ways of doing things. But it is the men and women of New England who are living today in the standardized world of radio soap operas, syndicated columns and comic strips, two-a-week movies and restless Sunday driving without being wholly of it. Many of them live and work near white church tower and village green where there are an atheneum, local arts and crafts, many of the country's leading educational institutions, and the strong sense of democracy manifested in town meetings which are still lively. How square the charge that New England is now decadent with the human energy, trimness of everything's appearance and crisp turns of speech currently encountered there?

Anyone who still has his doubts might do worse than to leaf through "The Maine Idea." The towns and old folks so superbly pictured in more than two score halftones speak eloquently for themselves. The spare words of text add just a touch. Perhaps it would have been more reassuring, at that, if the author had included some well-scrubbed younger ideas smiling into the camera, too. The word is that the young men coming of age Down East aren't what their fathers and grandfathers used to be. And the war won't help.

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Yet if you cross the state border and run into Mrs. Damon's Samule—yes, Samule—you will gather that there is some hope. Samule is no youngster, but see what he says about keeping pigs: "Of course it's kinder foolish when you come to look at it, a-keepin' a hawg and a-buyin' hawg food for it when yer kin git dressed pork at eighteen cents a paound. It takes seven paounds of feed ter make one paound of meat—hawg's meat er chicken's or anyone's—but gosh, when I git up in the mornin' I like ter have suthin' ter do."

Mrs. Damon's Samule is at times too witty to be true. His comments on the seasons and the weather, lightning rods, self-sufficiency in the old days and daylight saving time (to name but a few) originally could hardly have covered the subject so neatly. There is neighbor Hannah, too, but her house, her pantry, and her nicknacks are much more interesting than their owner. And about Hannah's there is an overwhelming air of the past.

The chapters on humus and "Spring Doings" tell of other loves of Mrs. Damon's. She writes in a very sketchy way how she built up the soil of her New Hampshire place through manure and compost (decomposed organic wastes of all kinds). Even Samule had to be impressed. Her remarks on planting, while equally sketchy, are full of tips for anyone with a scraping acquaintance with that art. Her interest is in the doing, as it was with Samule when it came to raising hogs; she breathes scarcely a word of the harvest of the home-grown end product.

"A Sense of Humus" is above all a highly personal book; it is really Mrs. Damon's "What I Have Liked in New Hampshire." Samule is an entertaining co-worker, Hannah has a treasure trove of a house for the author to visit, gardening the right way is a soul-satisfying experience. And so all sorts of extraneous matters get in—even a serious operation. Mrs. Damon's brush splatters, but not ineptly, in all directions. She has lived and experienced and read. She is capable of genuine artistry. Even a person soured by the spectacle of pampered city lap dogs and the gruesome sounds of baby talk from certain pets' master or mistress will be forced to admit after reading Mrs. Damon's account of the loss of her aged dog, Mickey, that there can be a wonderful bond between a man and a dog.

More Books of the Week

A Newman Treasury. Chosen and Edited by Charles Frederick Harrold. Longmans. $4.00.

THIS anthology will appeal equally to those to whom Newman is little more than a name and to veteran Newmanians who can never get too much of their favorite. The selections are judiciously made, and represent admirably what Professor Harrold considers Newman's three great themes: "the problem of the development of religious doctrine, the problem of belief [in a rationalistic age], and the problem of humanistic education in an age of science and of religious revival." Hence the reader finds lengthy selections from "The Development of Christian Doctrine," "The Grammar of Assent," the "Apologia," and "The Idea of a University," together with an unusually full representation of sermons (six in all) without which a satisfactory revelation of Newman's mind would have been impossible.

Three things make this anthology distinctive: first, its timeliness, by which we are made to see that the Newman who spoke to his generation about the destructiveness of intellectual pride, the necessity of faith and the stupidity of intolerance speaks with equal power and clarity to our generation against our addiction to those same vices.

The book's second mark of distinction is the presence in an anthology which includes so many full-length essays of so rich an assemblage of "Selected Passages" and "Aphoristic Selections" which are given unity by being grouped about what were, fundamentally, the most important aspects of Newman's thought as an Anglican and as a Catholic.

The Treasury's third mark of distinction is the editor's brief but thoughtful introduction and the scholarly notes which preface his selections.

Professor Harrold feels that in fairness he should announce himself an Episcopalian. The readers of his anthology will, I believe, praise him for the catholicity of taste and scholarship which went into the making of this fine book.

JOSEPH J. REILLY.

The Golden Age of Russian Literature. Ivar Spector, Ph.D. Caxton. $3.50.

THERE are few countries where literature has played so important a part as in Russia. Not only because the two last centuries of Russian culture have produced a series of outstanding writers, but also because literature was the only mode of expression. The autocratic régime and the bureaucracy which supported it stifled all political and social aspirations. The great Pushkin himself was subjected to Tsar Nicholas I's "personal censorship"; this meant that the monarch, who detested liberals, went over the poet's writings with the help of Count Benckendorff, Commander General of the Gendarmes. Therefore writers carefully avoided social and political themes; at least they avoided writing of them in too direct a fashion. But each of them conveyed a message to his people. Besides their purely literary gifts, they were hailed as teachers, and even as prophets.

The main contribution of Mr. Spector's book, excellent in many ways, is that he stressed this point, which is not always made sufficiently clear in essays on Russian literature published outside Russia. Critics are mainly concerned with each author's personal qualities and distinctive traits, without linking him to the movement of spiritual and social emancipation which was carried on by Russian literature as a whole: "The main purpose of this work," writes Mr. Spector, "is to indicate the new ground which each author broke in Russian literature and his contributions to political, social and economic conditions."

From the eighteenth century satirist Fonvisin, who has been called the Russian Molière, to Alexander Gryboyedov, whose bitter irony struck hard at Russian society; from the freedom-loving, inspired and proudly independent Pushkin to Gogol, whose immortal "Dead Souls" mercilessly exposed the corruption of his time; from Goncharov and his "Oblomov" to the "two titans," Tolstoy and Dostoyevsky—we can follow the development of Russian thought, forever seeking personal perfection and social justice, defending the dignity of man, asserting spiritual and moral values in the face of tyranny and obscurantism.

It is good to recall all this at a time when communist propaganda continually insists on the "enlightenment" brought to Russia by Lenin. The great trends of Russian humanism and social thought are forgotten or distorted. Dostoyevsky's works are scarcely spoken of by Soviet critics. If Tolstoy's "War and Peace" has become a "best seller" thanks to the nazi invasion, Tolstoy's search

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for God cannot conveniently be mentioned by Marxist writers.

Mr. Spector reminds us that "if the Russian State was autocratic, Russian literature was democratic. If the official Russian Church was a blind tool in the hands of absolutism, Orthodoxy, Russian Christianity, was the paragon of Christianity. . . . Russian literature has championed the cause of the oppressed and the persecuted. It has found a niche in its Pantheon for the serf, and later for the peasant, for the poor folk."

Another interesting trend studied in Mr. Spector's book is that of slavophilism, to which he gives particular attention. The great quarrel between the Slavophils, who believed in Russia's original culture and special mission, and the Westerners, who sought guidance and inspiration from Western Europe, has stimulated Russian thought during the last hundred years. Even today, Soviet writers and thinkers may be wondering whether, when this war is over, the USSR and Stalin will turn their gaze westward, or seek to fulfill Russia's own historical mission. The author leaves this question open, but shows us a continuity in the main lines along which Russian ideology develops.

At the end of his book, Ivar Spector gives us a picture of the modern Russian writer Michael Sholokhov, author of "Quiet Flows the Don," the only Soviet novelist whom he has included in his "Golden Age." Sholokhov indeed represents what is best in Soviet literature today, and what is most closely linked perhaps to genuine Russian literary tradition. He is the least Marxist of contemporary Russian writers, and the most free to ignore "social orders" and party lines.

Ivar Spector (Ivan Spectorsky) teaches at the University of Washington, Seattle. He writes in his preface that his book is mainly intended to meet the needs of American college students. But it will not only be useful on the campus. The adult reader, interested in Russian culture, will both enjoy its pages and profit by the author's experience and broad outlook. HELEN ISWOLSKY.

American Idealism. Floyd Stovall. Oklahoma. $2.75.

TO DO justice both to the merits of this book, which are many, and to the defects, which (in my humble opinion) are fundamental and serious would call for a volume of at least the same number of pages. In this gracefully written, modestly proportioned, sincerely expressed essay, Professor Stovall traces briefly, often all too briefly, the course of idealism as reflected in American literature from Emerson's times to ours. The chapters on Emerson and Whitman constitute the heart of the book. These two writers are dealt with at considerable length, and with such an almost embarrassing degree of sympathetic acceptance, that Santayana's masterly analyses of them in "Interpretations of Poetry and Religion" seem, by contrast, like the work of a snob and character assassin.

"In the present study," says the author, "I have assumed generally that an idealist is one who believes that the ultimate reality is spiritual and that the uiverse is purposive in its evolution." The materialist, on the other hand, "is one who denies both the spiritual character of reality and the purposive character of evolution. But this distinction is hard to maintain at the present time."

Professor Stovall not only fails to maintain this particular distinction consistently, for whatever it may be worth, but, as a good nineteenth century liberal, appears committed to the dogma that most hard and fast philosophical distrinctions are unscientific and unrealistic anyway.

SHEED & WARD—63 FIFTH AVENUE—NEW YORK

OLD PRINCIPLES AND THE NEW ORDER,
by Vincent McNabb, O.P. $2.75

"In conjunction with the keen interest in the work of the cooperative movement, particularly in Nova Scotia, this little book of essays may well be only a token of a certain phase of the 'shape of things to come' when post-war planning gets under way. If this proves true, it may be interesting to the future historian to note that the roots of this plan for the good of the world go back at least as far as the roots of evil leading to our present troubles."
—From THE SPRINGFIELD REPUBLICAN.

THIS MAN WAS IRELAND, The Song of Colmcille, the Exile, by Robert Farren. $3.00

"The poem is full of the tricks of phrasing beloved of the Irish, the hyperbolic comparisons, the similes wickedly apt yet full of a beauty of word sounds. On the mechanical side, Mr. Farren has provided excellent assistance to the reader in footnotes which give the pronunciation, derivation and meaning of the frequent Gaelic words. In addition, these footnotes are collected in a glossary at the end of the book, providing easy reference. 'This Man Was Ireland' is a well-told tale full of the religious zeal which was part of the 'golden age' of Christianity in Ireland, and full too of the beauty and tragedy which both are always part of things Irish."
—From THE SPRINGFIELD REPUBLICAN.

THIS WAR IS THE PASSION,
by Caryll Houselander. $2.00

"A Parishioner loaned us her copy of 'This War is the Passion' and we discovered the most significant book to come out of this war. It was written by 'a little English girl' when the bombs were crashing all about her. We recommend it strongly to every parishioner. . . . This book is as important as 'The Imitation of Christ.' . . . We suggest that you get a copy, then choose a couple of hours—after the day's work is done, and the quiet of evening has surrounded you—and just read it through—like you used to drift along the river in a canoe when you were young. If you do that once, you will pick up the book often. Incidentally the book is also charmingly written."
—From SAINT STEPHEN'S BULLETIN.

THE WAY OF LIFE, Volume IV of A Companion to the Summa, by Walter Farrell, O.P. $3.75

"Altogether this is a magnificent work of vast proportions. The author has summed up for us the theological masterpiece of all time; he has given us the very cream of the Angelic Doctor's teachings, putting them in language which every intelligent person acquainted with the English tongue can readily grasp and understand. Like the *Summa* itself, this achievement is for all time. It will not grow out-of-date, while our language endures. The appearance of this fourth, and last volume provides an occasion for rejoicing on the part of seminary professors and students, the secular clergy, religious Orders and communities, and intelligent layfolk everywhere."—From THE HOMILETIC AND PASTORAL REVIEW.

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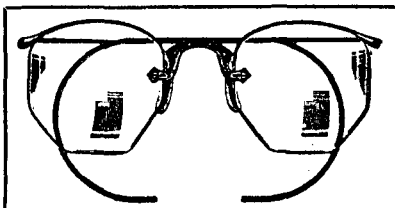

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The central weakness of "American Idealism" stems from Professor Stovall's tendency to find at least a tinge of some variety of "idealism" in almost everything (except perhaps institutional Christianity and pessimism) and in almost everybody (except perhaps T. S. Eliot and Allen Tate). "It is sometimes hard to distinguish an idealist from a realist or even, now that impenetrable matter has been dissolved in the laboratory, from a materialist, but he has no affinity with the defeatists." The stone it is that thinks; the man it is that falls—or what's a law of gravity or a philosophy of organism for?

Professor Stovall concludes on this note: "The same forces [science, pragmatic materialism, etc.] that pulled down the old idealism promise to raise up the new, and so it must always be; for idealism is not a theory or a fact which the mind possesses, but a quality of the mind itself." And we should like to conclude on this one: "Today," says Professor Gilson, "the effort of an idealist has no other object than to express his mind, and as all our professors of philosophy in all the colleges and all the universities where idealism is prevailing are teaching their students to express their own minds, to describe, not the world as it is, but the world as they see it, the result is that we have as many philoshophies as we have minds; rather, the result is that we have so many philosophies and so few minds." JOHN ABBOT CLARK.

Winter's Tales. Isak Dinesen. Random House. $2.50.

SINCE the Danish baroness has self-labeled her stories as of the Gothic tradition, they must be judged by the accepted qualities of this genre. A plot based on marvel, unusual characters in actually or figuratively fantastic situations, and the heavy hangings of atmosphere are required. So is a firm hand, firm enough to jell the fluid pattern of a dream. There have been few masters since Horace Walpole pretended that he had recaptured the grotesquerie of the middle ages. Poe and his European models, Henry James and Edith Wharton achieved the impossible. Walpole's descendant, Sir Hugh, entered successfully the strange habitat of horror; Donald Corley's "House of Lost Identity" resurrected Poe, but with a poetic rather than scientific hand; the short story volume by William Irish, "I Wouldn't Be in Your Shoes," is a perfect example of the contemporary Gothic.

The eleven tales in this new collection have nothing of magic and little of color. The thin plots slither off a table top like spilled water; the characters lack even the vague shape of ghosts; the atmosphere is that of stale perfume; the writing, called quaint by some, is downright awkward. Some good escape fiction would be a pleasant antidote to the momentary flood of war journalism: but an ectoplasm on paper is silly stuff. One is reminded of DeQuincey's "Levana," which at least had the dubious distinction of saying nothing gracefully. JAMES EDWARD TOBIN.

The Other Americans. Edward Tomlinson. Scribners. $3.00.

MOST of the sketchy, not to say superficial, current volumes on Latin America reflect the scant knowledge of their authors. That is not the case here. Mr. Tomlinson is one of the best informed journalists on the subject that we have. The subject is so vast that in a 400-page book he can do little more than register a few significant personal experiences. As he presents it, nearly everything is lovely in the garden. The sort of friendly, informational material that makes pleasant reading.

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The Inner Forum

Helping the FSA

ONE OF the most consistent organizations in supporting the Farm Security Administration in its work of rehabilitating the nation's poorer rural families is the National Catholic Rural Life Conference. The Executive Secretary, Monsignor Luigi Ligutti, of Des Moines, Iowa, visited personally most of the FSA projects in various parts of the United States at the request of the Rural Life Executive Board. He recently stated in a letter to Representative Dirksen, "Without any exception whatsoever bishops and priests, Catholic lay leaders, and Catholic people in general throughout the United States have approved and do approve most heartily of the work carried on by the Farm Security Administration."

This support of the FSA was explicitly indicated by the Rural Life Conference's board of directors. Their main points in favor of that agency:

"1. The FSA seeks to give ownership of productive property to the many;
2. It educates for increased production;
3. It reaches to the lower level of the farm groups, a level never reached before by other governmental agencies."

Supporters of the FSA have included a wide range of religious groups, socially-minded individuals and progressive publications. The National Catholic Rural Life Conference is one of a large group. Its Board of Directors includes Bishop O'Hara of Kansas City, honorary president; Bishop Muench of Fargo, North Dakota, President; Bishop White of Spokane, Washington; Bishop Peschges of Crookston, Minnesota; Bishop Vincent Ryan of Bismarck, N. D.

After suffering virtual cutting-off of its funds for operations earlier in the year at the hands of the House, the FSA appears to have gained a new lease of life in the Senate Appropriations Committee. Included on the proposed list of appropriations was $29,607,000 for the FSA and authority for that agency to borrow $97,500,000 for rural rehabilitation loans from the RFC and $30,000,000 for farm purchase loans under the Bankhead-Jones Act.

CONTRIBUTORS

Floyd DELL gives us the second of a series of poems reminiscent of the tradition of great English lyricism. Mr. Dell is the author of a number of books beginning with "Mooncalf" and "The Briary Bush."

Walter J. ONG, S.J., is a Jesuit Seminarian.

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Robert SPEAIGHT acted a leading rôle in T. S. Eliot's "Murder in the Cathedral," and is the author of a life of Saint Thomas à Becket.

Rt. Rev. John A. RYAN is the Director of the Social Action Department, National Catholic Welfare Conference. He is the author of many books.

Joseph J. REILLY teaches English Literature at Hunter College and has long specialized in Newman.

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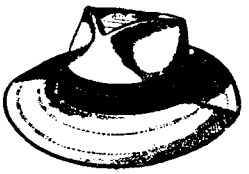
John Abbot CLARK teaches English at Michigan State College.

James Edward TOBIN teaches English at Fordham University.



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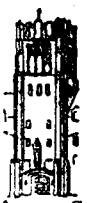

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